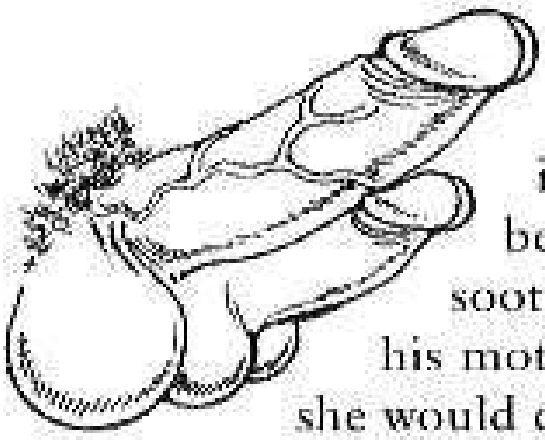


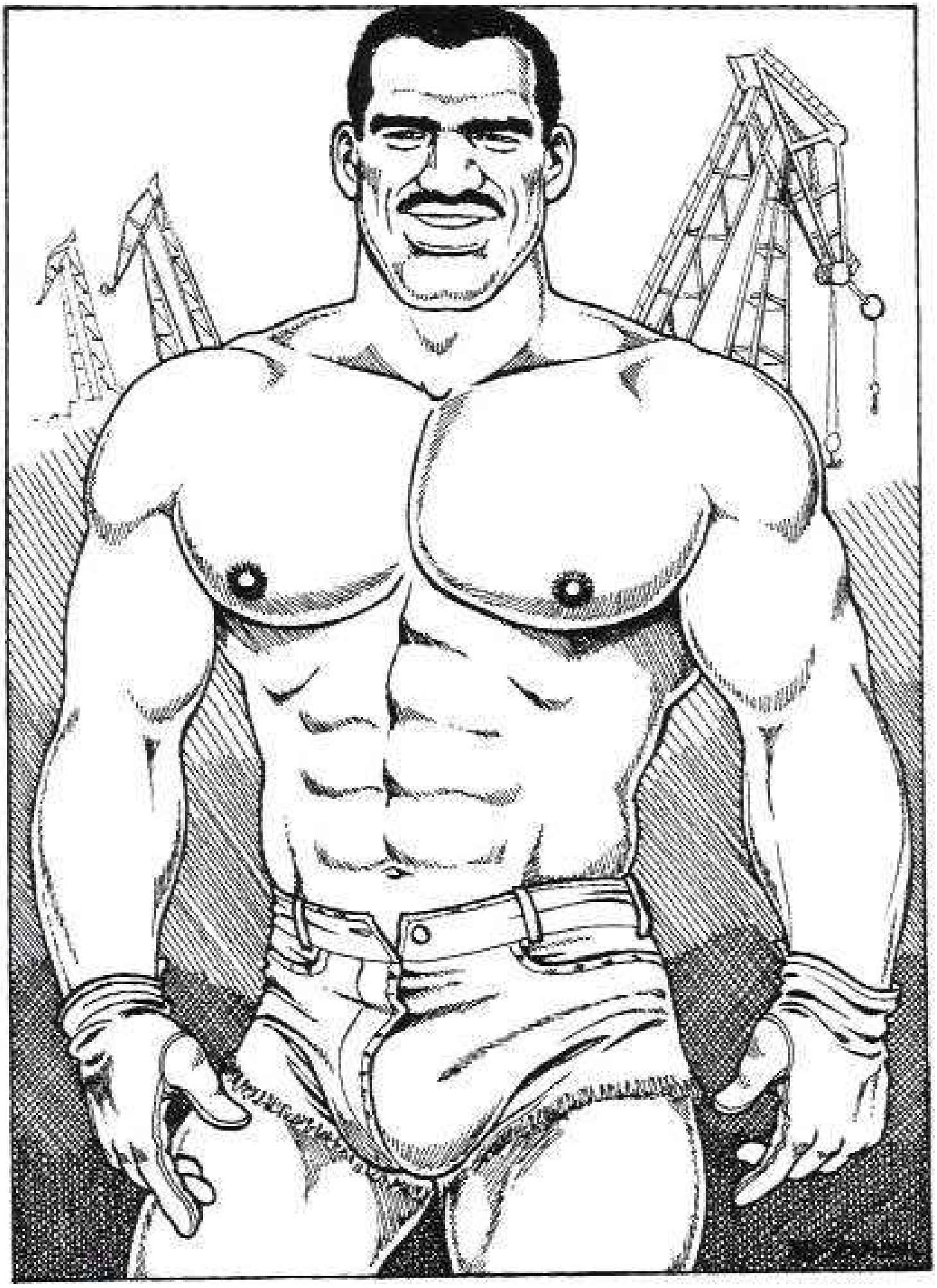
Cinderfella

There once was a black couple living in the big city. They had a son and because his skin was as velvety black as soot, they called him Cinderfella. One day his mother fell seriously ill and, knowing that she would die, she made her husband promise that he would never marry anybody with skin darker or lighter than hers. She was very proud of her smooth and beautiful skin.

After her death, Amos, her husband had no interest in marrying again. He had loved his wife deeply and he buried his sorrow in hard labor at the harbor where he worked day in and day out as a stevedore.

Cinderfella was a very lonely boy. As he grew up, he turned into the living image of his mother. He had the same smooth delicate skin, slender body, and big eyes of his mother. This embarrassed his father who began to avoid looking at the boy because the striking resemblance to his mother brought back painful memories of his previous happiness with his wife. He began to go out after dinner and hang around in the local joints until it was time for him to hit the sack. Cinderfella was left with his nanny, an old but wise lady who did her best to take care of the motherless boy. Cinderfella adored his daddy but was deeply hurt by his negligence. That is how Cinderfella saw the situation.

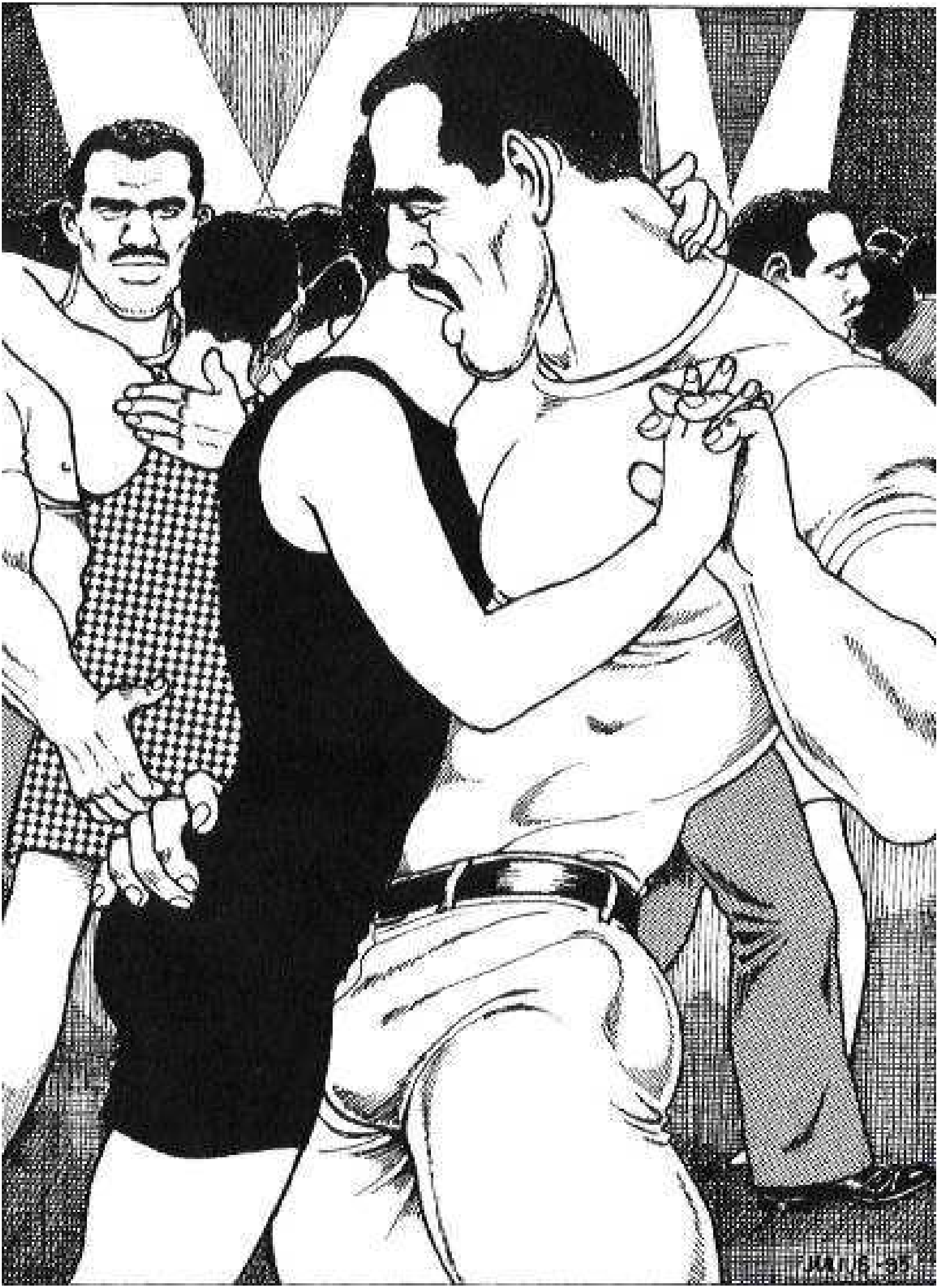
Having experienced the feeling of not being accepted by his father, Cinderfella learned how to be somebody else. As a matter of fact he trained to be somebody else all day long; he became a brilliant actor who could change his whole personality at the snap of a finger. This was aided by his mother's clothes and accessories that Amos had kept in a large trunk in the kitchen. Afterwards nanny packed them back in the trunk exactly as they had been.



One day Amos came home and told Cinderfella that a famous jazz singer was going to perform as a special guest star for three nights at the local pub. Cinderfella pleaded with his daddy to take him to the show with him, but to no avail. On the evening of the first night's performance, Amos got dressed up and left without saying as much as a word to the boy. Cinderfella decided to go anyway and with the help of the nanny he dressed up as a striking beauty. As he put on his mother's high heel shoes, nanny warned him to be back home by midnight.

When Cinderfella stepped into the pub his beauty caused the hearts of many men to skip a beat. One of them was Amos. He saw Cinderfella right away and fell in love just looking at the fascinating beauty. Cinderfella noticed his daddy also but fearing that he would recognize him he quickly turned his head and blushed. Amos took that as a sign of something else and asked her to dance with him. Cinderfella trembled out of excitement when he set his arm on his daddy's solid shoulder. When Amos with his strong arms pulled Cinderfella closer, Cinderfella's slender body followed his lead delightfully. Cinderfella began to relax as it became clear that Amos did not recognize him. To Cinderfella's amazement, Amos turned out to be sociable and fun to be with. They enjoyed each other's company tremendously. They were dancing very close when Cinderfella noticed a certain bulging stiffness in his daddy's crotch. Cinderfella nursed it with unnoticeable small movements of his body and to his utter delight noticed that Amos was responding to the treatment.

All too soon, midnight approached. Cinderfella told Amos that he had to leave. Amos wanted to go with him. There was no way Cinderfella could avoid it. As they stepped out of the pub and turned into a dimly lit lane, Amos pulled Cinderfella against him. Saying, "I love you, honey. I want you more than anything," he pressed his mouth against Cinderfella's and their



wet tongues wrestled in that steamy hole while Amos ground his bulging crotch against Cinderfella's body. Kissing Cinderfella's bare neck he opened his fly and out bounced a sterling cock in fucking condition. "Touch it, baby, touch it," Amos murmured with his deep low voice. Cinderfella took the stout and solid pole into his hand and stroked the velvety skin that moved easily under his hand on the rock hard shaft that was immovable. When Cinderfella took it into his tight grip Amos began to moan loudly. With weak knees Cinderfella fisted his daddy into a quick climax and as he shot his load against the dirty wall, Cinderfella escaped. He was at home just in time. The nanny and Cinderfella folded his mother's clothes and put them back into the chest.

Amos walked the empty streets for several hours savoring the memory. He remembered that his wife had had a dress very similar to the one the unknown beauty had been wearing. When he reached home he opened the big trunk and saw that everything was just as he had packed it a long time ago. He felt so tired and relaxed that he closed the trunk and went to sleep.

The following day Cinderfella studied his father while they were having their dinner. Amos was in a radiant mood and was exceptionally considerate in how he treated Cinderfella. When he again went out, Cinderfella hurriedly made himself up and returned to the club.

The reception Cinderfella received was, if possible, even warmer than the night before. The drooling men surrounded Cinderfella but Amos had also seen his arrival and snatched him onto the dance floor. Gently fondling Cinderfella's body he told Cinderfella how happy he had made him even though he had mysteriously vanished. Having him back in his arms again, Amos was too delighted to worry. As the night grew late, they only had eyes for each other. The husky man's crotch reacted to the tender caresses of Cinderfella's body with the same enthusiasm as the

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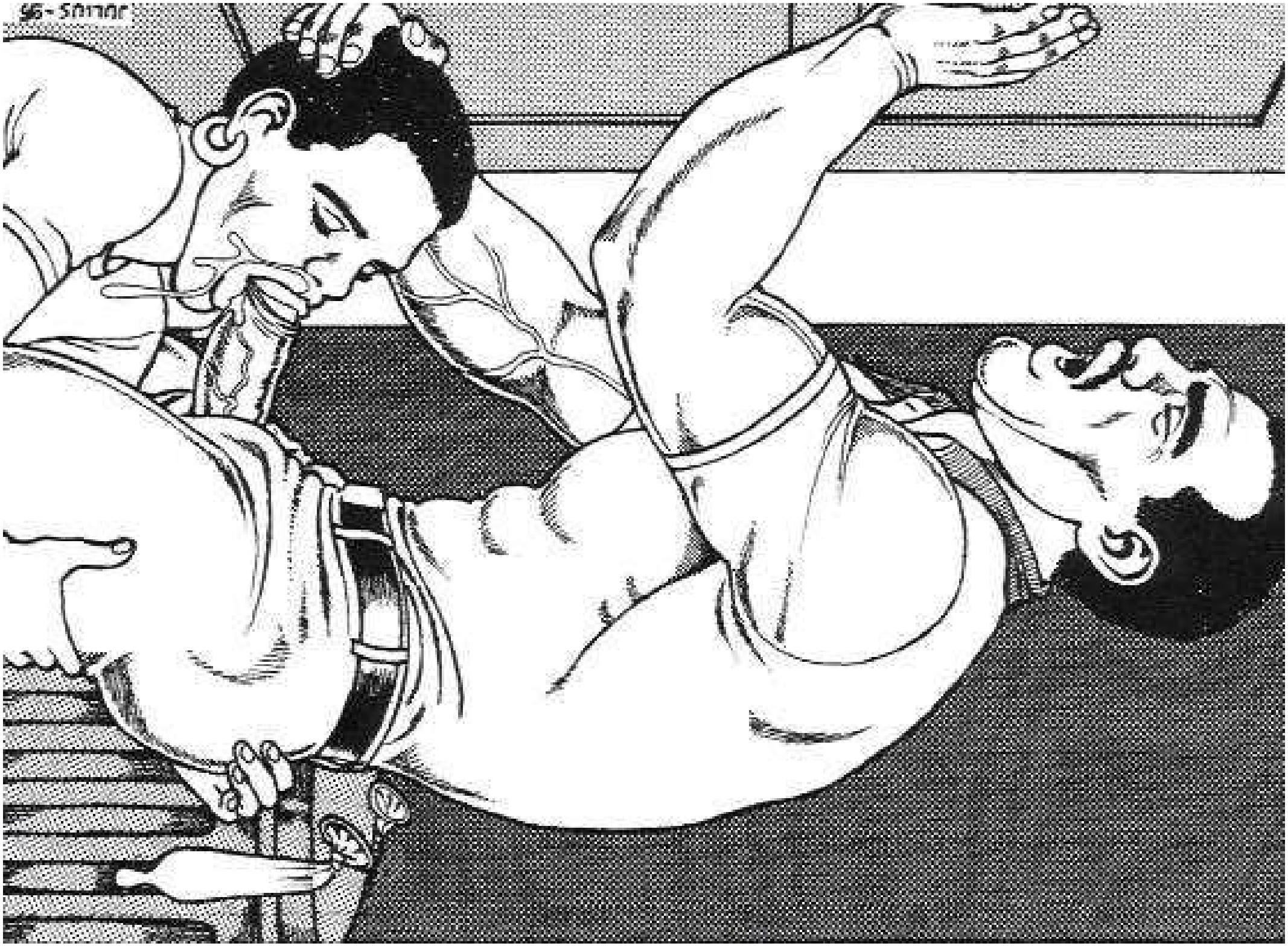
night before. As they danced, he played with Cinderfella's earlobe, kissing it and licking it with his stiff tongue. This made Cinderfella shiver in his arms and press his slender body tightly against the strongly built and robust man. Amos felt divine fondling Cinderfella's bubble butt and feeling Cinderfella's hands fondling his body. Again, midnight arrived all too soon.

When they left the club, they turned into the dark alley again. Amos grabbed Cinderfella in his arms and, kissing him passionately, guided Cinderfella's hands into his pants. Feeling his daddy's massive cock in his hands again made Cinderfella dizzy and he quickly knelt down. He pulled the bloated fuck pole out into the open and pressed his moist lips against its beefy shaft. He licked the bulging veins with his wet tongue up to the swollen knob that glistened in the dim light. He took it into his mouth and licked the edges of the perfect gland burying the tip of his tongue into the taut meaty folds. His actions made Amos moan intensely. He gulped down the gland and with his tightened lips gorged the thick and solid shaft as deep as possible. Though he had to retreat to get some air, each time the musky crotch of his daddy got closer.

He took the firmly curved buttocks of Amos into his sensitive hands and forced the man to thrust his cock deep down his throat. The man's reaction was fierce. He began to fuck Cinderfella's face with an ardor and zeal that made the man tremble. When Cinderfella clutched the meaty tool with his tightened lips Amos lost all control shooting loads of pent up cock sauce into the boy's eager mouth. If Amos was on cloud nine so was Cinderfella. Slowly he licked his daddy's cock clean, savoring the fragrant, thick cream. Amos was still shaking when the boy's slick tongue finished its work. The passionate kisses and amorous vows that Amos ardently whispered in the boy's ear made Cinderfella almost forget the time. But when Amos

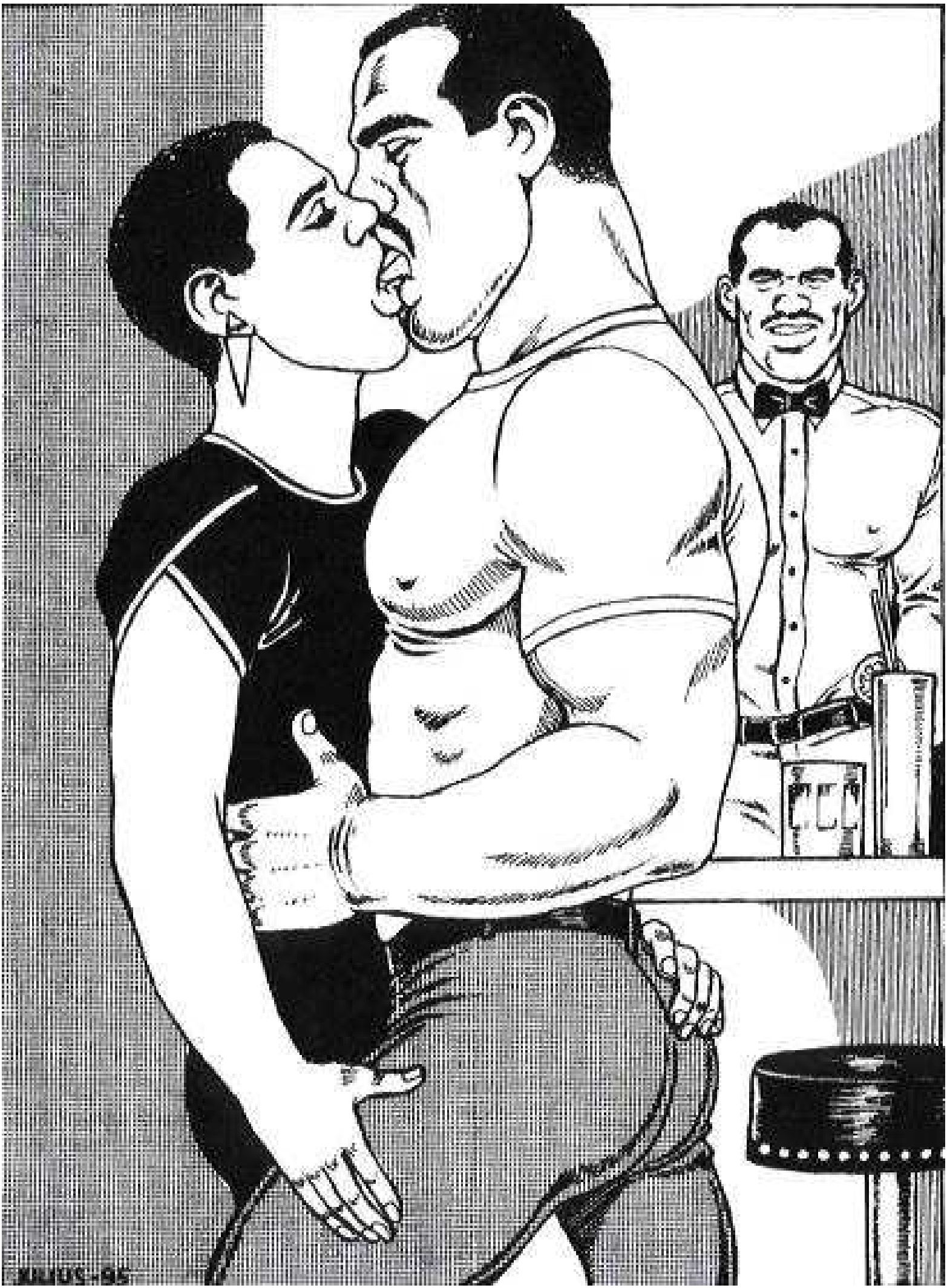


took a few steps to pee in a dark corner, Cinderfella managed to escape again and reach home in time. It took a long time for him to fall asleep though, he was so agitated by his daddy's lust and his own glowing desire. He was still awake when Amos came home. He heard Amos arrive and open the trunk. This time it took Amos quite a long time to close it again and go to sleep.

The next evening Amos was even more amiable. He joked at the dinner table and fondled Cinderfella's shoulders. When Amos left to go to the club, he even waved good-bye. When Cinderfella dressed up again he became depressed. This would be the last night. What would he do after that? He wanted his daddy deeply now that he had become accustomed to his lusty sexuality. Cinderfella brushed his worries aside and to celebrate the last night in style he put on his mom's shoes which were decorated with sparkling rhinestones.

When he entered the club, the old magic was there. Amos was at his side at once. He wrapped his muscular arms around Cinderfella and guided him to the dance floor. His welcoming kiss was stunning. The ever-present bulge in his crotch was harder than ever. His hands were gentle and firm. Cinderfella inhaled his hot breath that had a faint scent of gin while Amos confessed his love. "I want you baby. I've never wanted anyone as much as I want you. Let me take care of you. I'll keep you satisfied, baby. I swear I will."

Cinderfella was blissful in his daddy's arms. Amos made him drink a cocktail and it made him feel slightly dizzy. He held onto his daddy's strong body even tighter. When midnight arrived, they left the club again and turned into the empty lane. Kissing Cinderfella all over Amos opened his fly again and he began to lift Cinderfella's dress. Cinderfella quickly whispered into the man's ear that he wanted him the other way. Dropping his undies Cinderfella exposed his smooth butt to horny Amos. The man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fondled Cinderfella's firm butt and easily found the bulging rosebud hidden in the smooth crack. He shoved his finger into Cinderfella's butt hole, making the boy shiver all over.

"So you want my meat in here, baby? That's a pretty tight hole you have. If you think you can take it there, I'll give you as much cock as you'll ever want," Amos whispered. Stretching the boy's butt he thrust his cock inside. Cinderfella jerked in agony. Though only the bloated knob of the man's cock was inside, it felt like a baseball bat had been stuck into his butt hole. Amos took a firm grip of Cinderfella's flanks and heaving and gasping he forced his cast-iron cock into the boy's unprotected butt.

Cinderfella could never have guessed that it was possible for him to take in totally such a weapon. Sure it was painful but the generous amount of cold cream he had jammed into his butt hole together with the precum that Amos produced helped the enormous beast to move inside his chute.

"Oh, baby, what a delicious tightness. This is better than a virgin," snorted Amos ramming Cinderfella's butt with lustful gusto. His hefty pole rubbed Cinderfella's innards in a way that drove the boy to have a nerve shattering orgasm. The extreme tightening of his sphincter muscle milked Amos so effectively that he shot his heavy load almost simultaneously as he held the wriggling boy tightly in his arms.

When they recovered, Amos pulled his flaccid cock out and cleaned it with his handkerchief. While he was busy Cinderfella ran away. As he escaped he lost a shoe but did not dare to return to get it. Reaching home he was very late and barely had time to put the clothes back into the trunk and jump into his bed before Amos opened the door. Holding his breath Cinderfella listened to Amos opening the trunk.

After a while he heard heavy steps approaching the door of

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his bedroom. The door creaked open and in the light of the doorway he could see the huge frame of his dad like a silhouette. Amos stepped in and walked straight to Cinderfella whose heart was pounding wildly. Amos lifted the sheet and taking Cinderfella's leg in his hand he put the shoe on his foot.

Cinderfella lay on his belly and waited for a fierce attack. Instead, Amos pulled down Cinderfella's shorts and buried his face into his bruised crack. Then he stroked the boy's bubble butt and said, "I knew it, sonny, I knew it. The first night you fooled me completely but on the second night you said something that only you could know and I also found drops of my sperm in the dress you wore. I found more sperm on the dress you wore tonight and the shoe only confirmed my suspicions. I don't want to know why you did it; I just want you to go on doing it. I could never have guessed that anybody could make me feel the raving lust again the way you made me feel," Amos murmured.

"But, daddy, I don't know what you are talking about," Cinderfella tried to say.

Pushing his finger deep into the boy's butt Amos interrupted him and said, "I'm not mad at you, honey. Besides your butt is still filled with my cum." He grabbed Cinderfella in his arms and gave the boy a long, long kiss. At first Cinderfella wriggled to free himself but the man's hold of him was too strong and his kisses too sweet. In no time Cinderfella surrendered, answering his kisses eagerly. As Amos kissed the boy's neck and shoulders, Cinderfella gave his explanation in a low voice.

"I could not help it, daddy, honestly. I could not. The first night my intention was just to listen to the music, but you made me want you. I could not resist touching your adorable cock when you gave me the opportunity. After that I just wanted you to fuck me so desperately that I would have given anything to have my dream come true," Cinderfella whispered.

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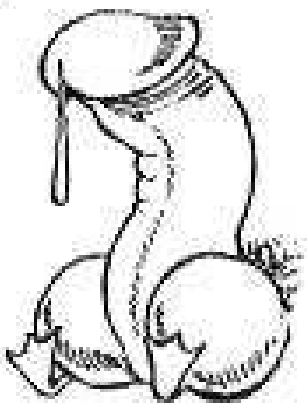
and chin as he received the powerful thrusts which increased in frequency and ferocity. Amos was sweating profusely and the scent of his body, the natural man smell, made Cinderfella dizzy. Amos felt the boy's dick flounder against his belly. Tossing and turning, the boy drifted on hot waves of ecstasy as his daddy rammed his butt with the same delicious tool with which he had made him.

Suddenly Cinderfella's body tightened and he arched his back to the extreme until a violent orgasm made him collapse. Trembling and shivering he went through shake after shake caused by his daddy's hammer. Grabbing the man's powerful buttocks in his hands and with his extremely tight sphincter he forced Amos as deep inside him as humanly possible and refused to let him go. Nothing else was needed for Amos to shoot his load into Cinderfella's hot butt hole. With violent spasms and convulsions shaking his body Amos fought to get his breath back. With obvious pleasure Cinderfella took his whole weight and caressed his daddy's sweaty body gently. He licked his wet face and kissed his heaving lips. In a tight embrace they fell asleep and they were in exactly the same position when the old nanny peeked in early in the morning. She knew that Cinderfella had got what he had wanted the most and smiling to herself she left to make breakfast. When Cinderfella woke up, the first thing he saw was a message from his daddy drawn on a still steamy window, "I LOVE YOU." From then on Cinder never had to pretend to be somebody else. Amos loved him just as he was and proved it every night.



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